

get out. We have talked of sending someone of our group out to carry the news of the terrible things that have been, and still are, happening here, but know that that person would never get back if he ever left. I have been living with Mills, Fitch, Smythe, Sons, Wilson, Bates, and Eggs here in the Buck house. All of us have been doing double duty. We scarcely sit down to our meals without someone coming in every other five minutes or so to call for help. Food is swallowed whole and hurried exits are made to save a truck from being stolen, or more often to protect women from soldiers. Seldom do we all sit down to eat at the same time. We dare not go out alone after dark, but go in twos or threes.

Every day or two I have gone out for an inspection of our mission property. I have found visitors in our house at Peh Hsia Rd. every time I have gone there. Every foreign house is a sight to behold, untouched until the Japanese army arrived; nothing untouched since. Every lock has been broken, every trunk ransacked. Their search for money and valuables has led them to the floors and inside pianos.

Our phonograph records are all broken; the dishes are in a broken mass on the floor along with anything else that was discarded after each looting. The front of the piano was removed and all the hammers struck with something heavy. Our house being outside the Safety Zone, this was not to be unexpected, but houses within the Zone have shared a like fate. Two of our boys' school building were set fire to, one is a complete loss. Nanking presents a dismal appearance. At the time the Japanese Army entered the city little harm had been done to buildings. Since then the stores have been stripped of their wares and most of them burned. Taiping, Chung Hwa, and practically every other main business road in the city is a mass of ruins. In the South city much of the area back of the main street was also burned. We see new fires every day and wonder when such beastly destruction will cease.

But far worse is what has been happening to the people. They have been in terror, and no wonder. Many of them have nothing left now but a single garment around their shoulders. Helpless and unarmed, they have been at the mercy of the soldiers, who have been permitted to roam about at will wherever they pleased. There is no discipline whatever and many of them are drunk. By day they go into the buildings in our Safety Zone centers, looking for desirable women, then at night they return to get them. If they have been hidden away, the responsible men are bayoneted on the spot. Girls of eleven and twelve and women of fifty have not escaped. Resistance is fatal. The worst cases come to the hospital. A woman six months pregnant, who resisted, came to us with 16 knife wounds in her face and body, one piercing the abdomen. She lost her baby, but her life will be spared. One man, of many who gave themselves up to the mercy of the Japanese when they were promised their lives would be spared a very few of them returned - lived long enough to tell the fate of that group. He claims they threw gasoline over their heads and then set fire to them. This man bore no other wounds, but was burned so terribly around the neck and head the one could scarcely believe he was a human being. The same day another, whose body had been half burned over, came into the hospital. He had also been shot. It is altogether likely that the bunch of them had been machine-gunned, then their

bodies piled together and burned. We could not get the details, but he evidently crawled out and managed to get to the hospital for help. Both of these died. And so I could relate such horrible stories that you'd have no appetite for days. It is absolutely unbelievable, but thousands have been butchered in cold blood - how many it is hard to guess, some believe it would approach the 10,000 mark.

We have had some very pleasant Japanese who have treated us with courtesy and respect. Others have been very fierce and threatened us, striking or slapping some. Mr. Higgs had suffered most at their hands. Occasionally have I seen a Japanese helping some Chinese, or picking up a Chinese baby to play with it. More than one Japanese soldier has told us he did not like war and wished he were back home. Although the Japanese Embassy staff has been cordial and tried to help us out, they have been helpless. But soldiers with a conscience are few and far between.

Now it is time to make the rounds of the hospital. There are a hundred on the staff. When we have water and lights again it will be much easier, for with lamps to look after and water to pump each day our labour is increased considerably.

Dec. 30, 1937

Glorious weather. It feels so good to get out into the air. It is more peaceful, but far from good. A man came into the hospital today shot through the intestines with about four feet of them hanging out. He has a chance in a thousand of recovery. Bob Wilson spent the better part of the morning trying to patch him up. Before dinner a 12 year old girl was abducted by two Japanese soldiers who drove up in a yellow taxi. Several men were forcibly carried away from Ginling, Magee's place, as well as other places, accused of being soldiers. The men had friends among the group who could identify them as civilians, but because they had callouses on their hands they were branded without further investigation as soldiers in spite of the protests voiced. Many ricksha and sampan men, as well as other laborers have been shot simply because they have the marks of honest toil upon their hands. An old caretaker in a German residence near the Kiang An bus station is reported to have been killed yesterday. Soldiers found no young men on the place to conscript for labour and he protested about going himself. And I said this had been a fairly peaceful day! Can you imagine what was happening when I did not have time to stop and write?

Been busy getting in supplies of rice for the hospital, and those Chinese Christians housed in the Drum Tower Church. Moved 50 big bags, about 65 tan.

The Japanese are beginning to tighten up on the police, the Chinese, and a suggestion of further restrictions for the foreigners. It was suggested by Mr. Oki that we Americans be concentrated in one place under

guard. Just how much freedom would be allowed in such a case we do not know, but we are a bit suspicious. The registration is proceeding, and those Chinese who do not have a certificate of registration are being restricted from free movement within the Safety Zone and are refused exit from the Zone.

Now I must close. I must take some patients home in the Ambulance. Everyone who leaves the hospital must be accompanied by a foreigner. I am the official bodyguard, even for the police! We are so crowded that we are glad to get some out. So many have no place to go to and no money and no clothing, that it is quite a problem. We cannot heal them and then kick them out to die of neglect or starvation, or to be killed or re-injured. Most of them have come in from bayonet or bullet wounds since the city was captured.

Dec. 31, 1937

This is the last day of the year. Great preparations are being made to celebrate the New Year. It must be one holiday our Japanese friends like. A three-day holiday has been announced. We dread what may take place with more freedom allowed. There is some indication of things for the better. Today I saw crowds of people flocking across Chung Shan Road out of the Zone. They came back later carrying rice which was being distributed by the Japanese from the Executive Yuan Examination Yuan.

There were some happy people today. We have so many babies in the hospital and the mothers and babies are always happy to be leaving, even though they have no decent place to go to - only overcrowded concentration camps with hundreds in a room. The grandmother and three other children had come to escort the new baby "home" as they called it so I bundled them all into the ambulance and took them over to the University where they are "at home" among the 20,000 refugees there. The brother insisted on holding his little baby brother and they were all smiles over the fine but brief auto ride. But what have they to be happy over? Well, I hand it to them, they've succeeded in rising above the circumstances in a noble way. Another servant from the American Embassy came in for his final examination and to have the stitches removed from a bullet wound, and he was all smiles.

Registration is under way at the B.T.T.S. Spent part of the morning trying to get some of our hospital staff registered, but there was such a jam that we could not get near. Our folks are anxious to get registered fearing the time limit will expire and death if they do not comply. Our busy bunch can not stand in line day after day waiting when they have so much work to do. The rest of the morning was spent in trying to get something to eat for our family of three hundred. They surely eat up a lot every day and food is hard to get. We went way into the south-west part of the city near the wall and had a hard time getting there. As some of the fires had caused so much debris to be scattered into the streets one could hardly get by in spots. The food problem will soon be a very serious one unless something is done to get some in from the outside.



Another woman with a new baby insists on leaving the hospital although she has no place to go to, no money, no friends, and no provisions for her baby. Her husband was taken away days ago and has never returned, and probably never will. She wants to get out to seek him, going around from place to place in her search. She has no strength and how can she possibly do it?

I have given her name to several of the camps trying to trace friends or neighbors all to no avail. My! What misery we witness.

We expect the new government to be inaugurated in Nanking tomorrow - a celebration is due near Kulou in the afternoon. The former five-colour flag has been revived, and they say 60,000 have been made to order that they may be flown along with the Japanese flag.

January 1st, 1938

The day and the year started gloriously. Firecrackers going full blast woke me and I opened my eyes to wonder what was going on. It was a perfectly beautiful day with the sun a big red ball of fire in the sky. Later purple Mountain was a lovely blue like the Cascades often are. It was very obviously a holiday. Firecrackers - loads of them had been distributed to the Chinese free, and who would refuse the indulgence of making a good noise to relieve the spirit. We learned that yesterday they gave away several hundreds of thousands of 200 lb. bags of rice. The usual New Years greetings were exchanged.

The night before last we were invited to the home of Herr John Rabe, where we found a beautiful Christmas tree lighted with many candles. Everything was perfect except the absence of our wives and children - a big lack. We have been worrying about you. We heard one brief sentence over the radio from Tokyo that all Americans were being evacuated from Kuling. I sometimes wish you were all safe in America.

We had a New Year's dinner with Mrs. Twinen, Mr. McGee, Mr. Forster, and Mrs. Cheng of Girling, as guests. We ate our last goose. About the time we finished dinner our day began to be spoiled. Two men came running from Magee's place - he has three places full of refugees - saying that two Japanese soldiers had entered and were after the women. We got a car ready and Fitch took Magee and Forster over. Later he brought in two of the women to the hospital. One had been raped and the other badly beaten had managed with the aid of her father to break away but had been injured as she jumped from a window. They were hysterical. Then a nun from a temple in the southeastern part of the city was brought to us. She had been wounded on the 14th of December. Five of them had sought safety in a dugout, but the Japanese soldiers went into the dugout from each end killing three of the five, and wounding the other two. These two, the nun and a little apprentice girl of ten, later saved their lives by hiding under the dead bodies of their friends. Eighteen days without medical attention, and five days without food. A man in the neighborhood managed to get the badly wounded nun to the hospital. She told us of the little girl who

had been stabbed in the back, so I took the ambulance down to get her. Her wound had healed all right, all she needed was food, a bath, and comfortable surroundings. The people who live in the south-east section of the city are a terrified lot, surrounded by Japanese soldiers. They gathered around us as we waited for the little girl - quite a decently behaved group of soldiers. But as we stood there a drunk soldier came by bullying two old Chinese men. The Chinese men were so frightened that they came up to me and begged for my help. I must confess I am afraid of an armed drunken soldier, but with the aid of a few of the sober soldiers who helped by diverting the attention of the drunkard the old men had an opportunity to escape - and how they took to their heels. The drunken soldier evidently cursed me for one of the other soldiers, angered, took a club to him. As I started back to the ambulance I discovered another bunch of soldiers had taken off my orderly, rather, one of them. It was the cook who urged by curiosity had begged to be allowed to accompany us. His Red Cross sleeve band had been taken off. He was scared and thought sure he was about to be shot. I rescued him and by this time I began to fear our ambulance might have been taken but we hurried back to find the decent bunch of soldiers still surrounding it, so we left them with smiles. The last few days we have had to go into the extreme parts of the city where few people dare to venture, but we have come back safely each time with our load of food or patients.

Tried today to estimate the extent of destruction of property. From the hospital to Chung Chen and Peh Hsia Roads, about 30 percent, beyond there less, and not a great deal burned out in the extreme southern part. Off from S. Kulou towards the east wall about 20 or 30 percent concentrated in certain areas.

Another woman came into the hospital this afternoon who had been wounded before the fall of Nanking. Her home was in a village south of Nanking. She had left home with her five children - the youngest three months and the eldest twelve. Japanese planes flew overhead spraying machine-gun bullets. One hit her in the eye coming out near the throat. She tried to struggle on with her baby but finally had to give up and lay unconscious most of one night with her children gathered near her. In the morning she realized she could not continue with the weight of her baby so she left it in a deserted house and struggled along until she came to some villagers who helped her into one of the refugee camps. After eighteen days she reached us and medical aid.

Tonight at dusk I counted five good sized fires in different parts of the city - and so the burning, and looting, and raping continues. In the Safety Zone it is much better although the soldiers still come in. However in contrast to those days when we were trying to stop them at several places at once day and night, it is comparatively peaceful and quiet. At least we have time to write.

January 3rd, 1938

Succeeded in getting half of the hospital staff registered today. I must report a good deed done by some Japanese. Recently several very nice Japanese have visited the hospital. We told them of our lack of food

supplies for the patients. Today they brought in 100 shing of beans along with some beef. We have had no meat at the hospital for a month and these gifts were mighty welcome. They asked what else we would like to have.

But each day has a long list of bad reports. A man was killed near the relief headquarters yesterday afternoon. In the afternoon a Japanese soldier attempted to rape a woman; her husband interfered and helped her resist; but in the afternoon the soldier returned to shoot the husband.

This morning came another woman in a sad plight and with a horrible story. She was one of five women whom the Japanese soldiers had taken to one of their medical units - we wash their clothes by day, to be raped by night. Two of them were forced to satisfy from 15 to 20 men, and the prettiest one as many as 40 each night. This one who came to us had been called off by three of the soldiers into an isolated place, where they attempted to cut off her head. The muscles of the neck had been cut but they failed to sever the spinal cord. She delayed death but dragged herself to the hospital - another of the many to bear witness to the brutality of the soldiers. Dr. Wilson is trying to patch her up and thinks she may have a chance to live. Day after day our group has made its report to the authorities of these terrible conditions. They have tightened up and issued orders; still each day brings its atrocities.

#### January 4th:

Up early this morning to see twelve Japanese planes flying overhead. It is still clear but terribly cold for these poor people who have to live out in the open or in tents. I failed to note Monday that we had a real air raid from the Chinese. Had almost forgotten what a raid was like. It gave the Japanese a surprise and they were quite unready for it. Finally Japanese planes did rise to the occasion and flew like mad in hot pursuit.

I have no idea how to reach you by mail. Your last letter was dated Nov. 25th. I have pictured you as a happy group in the school with the boys having plenty of fun in the snow. Hope you have all kept well. Our life grows awfully monotonous. We are more than fed up with all this cruelty and suffering which is so senseless and unnecessary. Our whole time in the hospital is spent in trying to patch up and save the victims of Japanese guns and bayonets; all innocent simple Chinese for whom the Japanese have come to help! When they made their fine speeches on New Year's Day telling us the Kuo Ming Tang had no regard for the needs of the common people, I could not help but think of our whole hospital full of their victims. There is little doubt too but that foreign help and support in Chinese affairs will be spurned.

#### January 5th:

A perfect morning and a gorgeous view of the sunrise from my attic room in the Buck house. Fixed up a radio in the X-Ray room at the hospital with stray equipment picked up here and there and it came in good last night - so communications are again established. Made a trip to South City in the ambulance to get bah tee (cabbage) for our big family. Saw many large fires burning.



January 6th:

A red letter day! Mr. Fukuyi of the Japanese Embassy informs us that three American Embassy men will arrive in Nanking today. They have been making promises for ten days but apparently had some difficulty in getting army permission. We tried to send a message through the Japanese asking for their return but they refused to send it. They would like to have had us all out of Nanking, but now that we have stayed so long and know so much we are not allowed to leave - we are virtually prisoners.

My radio does not work so well after all. We have secured a second radio but cannot get the short wave to work. We get English reports from Tokyo, Manila and Shanghai, and there is some good music, but I spent some hours at the radio yesterday and from all sources I got the same record so often that I could sing it for our household: -

"I'm Pop-eye the sailor man, I'm pop-eye the sailor man,  
I fight to the finish for I eats my spinach,  
I'm Pop-eye the sailor man."

Have a new job. Been delivering babies. Oh yes, Trim and Wilson DELIVER them, but I take them home, to some crowded refugee camp. Nearly every other day I take the ambulance out to get bah tsei, rice, and other stuffs. A foreigner must go along to guarantee delivery. Salvaged three cows recently and Mrs. Chang is making some butter for us. Our bachelor group has gone through with about 26 dozen tins of luehowfu peaches, and for the past month we have had them every day. We are eating more rice and there is plenty of bah tsai. I understand the Japanese are selling apples in limited quantities at ten cents apiece. A few other things are coming in.

The biggest news of the day has just come. The American Consular representative told us that the families of McCallum, Trimmer, Mills and Smythe left Hankow for Hong Kong on the 30th. He also delivered some letters of yours written the last of November. It was the first news or mail we've received for more than a month, and how welcome it was! I'm hoping you had a comfortable trip although I feel sure you must have been exposed to a lot of inconveniences and possible dangers. I shall be relieved when I hear where you are and what your next move will be. I have concluded in my own mind that if you are permitted to come to Shanghai you will do so and place the children in the American School there for the rest of the school year. I'm hoping for that move, it means I might be able to see you before so very long although, as yet, we have no assurance that we would be permitted to leave.

I am glad I stayed. Although there were only twenty of us foreigners we have been able to help considerably in the various concentration points in the Safety Zone. Had there been a hundred of us to guard against the 50,000 soldiers that much more could have been accomplished. Ginling has housed as high as 12,000; the University buildings about 25,000; The Seminary and B.T.T.S. 2 or 3 thousand each, and every house in the vicinity crammed full. Some of the men are engaged now in trucking coal and rice; we do not dare leave a truck or car out of our sight.

January 7th:

There is still a corpse in our compound at Peh Hsia Road; another on the first floor of our South Gate Womens' Building, and one in the Plopper's compound - all having met their fate about Dec. 13. In the Price's yard is a little baby about six months old. It cried while a soldier was raping its mother. The soldier smothered it by putting his hand over its nose and mouth. Permits to bury have not been obtainable. I have buried more than 30 bodies myself in our hospital dugouts, gathering them off the streets nearby, most of them being soldiers. The loss of life has been appalling. Men, women, and children of all ages have paid a terrible price. Why does war have to be so beastly?

Japanese talk of getting the people back to their houses, starting up business again, and of bringing in a lot of Japanese goods. The diplomatic group want to set up a city government; the army will not allow it. They want the people to go back to their homes; while the army continues to terrify them so that they dare not leave the concentration camps. They want business started again; the army has taken away all stocks and burned the stores. They want to produce; but the army has killed all the chickens and pigs and cows every living thing. The irony of it!

January 8th:

Some newspaper men came to the entrance of a concentration camp and distributed cakes and apples, and handed out a few coins to the refugees, and moving pictures were taken of this kind act. At the same time a bunch of soldiers climbed over the back wall of the compound and raped a dozen or so of the women. There were no pictures taken out back.

The constructive group want to restore electricity and water. The day before the final arrangements were made through Babe to get the workmen back on the job, a military detachment headed by a non-commissioned officer went to the British Export Co.'s factory, and packing out a group of Electric Light Co.'s employees. 43 of them, lined them up and machine-gunned them. The Light Co. was a private corporation. The soldiers, without investigation, claimed they were government employees. That is the general condition after a month's time and there is little hope of improvement.

Now the Japanese are trying to discredit our efforts in the Safety Zone. They threaten and intimidate the poor Chinese into repudiating what we have said. Some of the Chinese are even ready to prove that the looting, raping, and burning was done by the Chinese and not the Japanese. I feel sometimes that we have been dealing with maniacs and idiots, and I marvel that all of us foreigners have come through this ordeal alive.

We do not know when we will be permitted to leave Nanking. With so few of us we do not want to leave until some more men are allowed to come in. We have been living fairly normally in our bachelor quarters and it has been a grand bunch to be with. All of us have gotten into many amusing situations as well as serious ones, and we have jolly times relating them to each other. We could welcome a change from Luchowfu peaches and Chinese cabbage.



for a diet. How good butter and eggs would taste! But we have plenty of flour, rice, and our gardens are still yielding lettuce and carrots and beets. If it is made available by the military there should be enough rice in the city to feed the 200,000 people through the winter; but the economic outlook is pitiful to contemplate. There is no production; only consumption.

Just heard the family had arrived in Hong Kong safely.  
 Phrase be! How! Where?

#### January 11th

Had the American Embassy men in for dinner two days ago, and today had the British Embassy men as well as those from the German Embassy. It has been a real treat. Not having seen anyone from the outside for over a month, and having so much to say ourselves we had a real talk fest. We hung onto every word spoken by them, and still have many questions we'd like to ask.

Hospital affairs have gotten past the emergency state. We now have electricity and therefore radio reception which makes us feel closer to the rest of the world. When we can secure more hospital supplies we will feel close to normal again. We are not bothered with raping and robbing, but it has become such an old story that more repression will add nothing of value. There are threats and bribes now - attempts to undermine the present relief organization. Others are now engaged in providing fuel and food. The International Committee has been selling it for \$10.00 a bag. They buy it from the Japanese for \$4.00 a bag, but it costs the Japanese nothing - spoils of war! I was offered four more cows today. If I had a place to keep them I'd have taken them gladly, for we could use the milk. Feed for the cows we have already salvaged is a problem.

One of the choicest bits of information today concerned Takatama, one of the German policemen. He has been taking us around as we looked over our looted foreign property. He had been seen on various occasions to pick up some little thing from this place and that, but yesterday Mr. Sperr met him coming out of one of the fine German homes with two rickshaw loads of lovely curies which he no doubt had very much admired.

#### January 12th

At last we hear you are to arrive in Shanghai today. That answers a lot of questions and I presume you are headed directly for the American School. I hope you will be able to get some letters in to us now. The British, German, and American Embassy staffs are very accommodating if you can hear when any of them will be coming through. The Japanese newspaper men have brought us in a few mislaid but they were of course uncalled. I suppose you were able to bring but little out with you, and I'm not very optimistic about what you may have had to leave behind. We need Dr. Brady badly and hope there will be a way to get him in. We need help. Minnie is especially in need of single women helpers. But anyone coming through should bring his own supplies, food as well as bedding. Aside from furniture in our home nothing can be depended upon.

We have been too busy to look after property. Have gone frequently to the places close to the hospital, but it doesn't do much good. Both Japanese and American Embassy seals were broken and completely ignored by the soldiers the first few days of their entry into the city and each place has been looted time and again. It does no good to try to clean up the mess until there is some way to keep them out. There have been but one or two places where one could move things with any assurance of safety with caretakers on the places. They would not be safe for so far no proclamation or letter from the Japanese Embassy has been respected by the soldiers. Any Chinese whether or on foreign property or not is subject to seizure and robbery and a possible thrust from a bayonet. We have in some cases secured a Japanese guard. But they demand charcoal, a stove, food, and a bed, which they may take off with them. If they are cold they burn up the furniture on the place to keep them warm. The American Embassy staff employed Japanese guards, but fired them the second day.

January 13th:

Hurrah! Hurrah! A note from you written in Shanghai. Now I can write to you there confident you will receive it if I put it in care of our Embassy folks. And you can do likewise.

It has been a busy day. Went out early this morning to Ho Ping Mei to get some cow feed, but the place had been burned the day before. Then we went to a place near Lotus Lake; there we secured half a load. At another place we got a load of cotton seed cakes. Our ambulance is doing double duty these days. Will go back again for another load. Then I secured a coffin for John Magee for one of their Episcopal Evangelists from Ten Shen, I believe, who committed suicide as a protest against the present conditions. Then I secured a big cask of bean oil - 380 ching. We now have a three months supply on hand. I would worry about this business of supplies if I had time! Yesterday I picked up 15 bags of rice - 100 ching each - from the coolies at the B.A.T. Most of this was for our Chinese Christians who are at the Drum Tower Church. Four or five of our faithful South Gate men are sheltered there and they have not been bothered at all. There are no evangelistic workers or other workers employed by our mission in Hankow; only about one or two of the city pastors here.

I decided to accept the four other cows; two calves. These four cows had been shut up for a month in a single shed the condition of which was terrible, so I rounded them up along with two calves, a goat and a kid, and led the procession back to the hospital. There was plenty of bawling and some of them went under protest, but we marched them into the front garage. That means an additional supply of milk for our patients. And we needed it for we cannot get bean milk which we ordinarily would use.

I go out and get paid for by the ambulance load. The people cannot bring it to us so someone has to go after it. We found another good nurse today - a graduate of the Wuhu hospital. About ten of our fifty nurses are real ones.

Had the American Embassy men over for dinner this evening, and Trimmer also as he had not met them. The Embassy men are not having such a glorious time of it. They have not been able to get heat, light, or water, and it is difficult setting up housekeeping and getting supplies. And of course they do not have the interests and activities the rest of us do, and with no newspapers or outside activities of any sort whatsoever, with only problems to handle, life seems a bit dull for them. One is shut in and I must admit the atmosphere is extremely gloomy and dull.

We are all anxious to get to Shanghai now to see our families. One of the British men is going to Shanghai tonight and has promised to take any letters we might want to send. I am sending you the letter I have written but could not mail - quite a stack by now.

Conditions have improved, but horrible things still go on. Two days ago I went into the dispensary and saw a fifteen year old boy on the table with part of his stomach and some of his intestines protruding. The would was two days old. He lives out near the Wu Ting Meng Gage. The soldiers had taken him as a laborer to carry vegetables. When he had finished his work they went through his clothing and robbed him of the sixty cents which they found, then stuck him several times with bayonets.

Our British Embassy friends have had a difficult time hearing our stories. They are too raw for them to take so we have had to tone them down considerably. But they have been bumping into some pretty terrible things on their own and getting it first hand. They went on a tour of inspection of the British property and near the A.D.C. at Ho Ping Men they found the body of a woman who had had a golf club forced up internally; a part of it was protruding. Now you know why the people are still in the refugee camps and why they are still terrified. We have been able to protect them on American property when we have been present, but what we have been able to do has been a mere drop in the bucket.

Spent a good share of the day getting hay and cotton seed cakes to feed our dairy cows. Next week I shall have to rustle rice and coal. I was out with one ambulance today; Grace Bauer took the other one to get some Peh Tsai. She went away out Tung Si Men for her load and got back safely. It is wonderful the limits to which we foreigners can go without mishap. Some of the diplomatic people who have recently arrived wonder why we have not all been lined up and shot for we have gotten by with a lot.

I am glad you are in Shanghai and the boys in school. You seem so much nearer and I hope we can be together before too long. Don't blame me too much for leaving the family responsibilities upon your shoulders alone. I really expected to get out before the bitter end because I felt I owed it to the family. When my own mission work was finished and I could have slipped out, the hospital was in such dire need for a business manager and so short handed that it seemed I couldn't refuse when they asked me if I could help. Once in, I was caught in such a whirlpool of work that I couldn't get



out had I wanted to. My thoughts and prayers went out to you many many times. I do not criticize anyone who left. I thought it was the thing to do, and I have been thankful I urged all our Chinese friends and workers to leave. But I am glad I stayed, hard as it was, and had a small share in helping these poor folk.

If you see a copy of a Sporting News in one of the bookstores do send it along with an eagerly awaited letter from each member of the family.

I, J. H. McCallum do certify that the foregoing diary notes is a true and correct copy of the notes made by me in December 1937 and January 1938 at Nanking, China, that the facts therein recited are true and that my original diary notes are not now available. The foregoing diary notes cover eleven (11) typewritten pages.

Given under my hand this 27th day of June, 1946.

/s/ James H. McCallum  
Jas. H. McCallum

Republic of China :  
Consular District of Nanking :  
Province of Kiangsu :  
City of Nanking :     ss:  
Embassy of the United States of America :

Subscribed and sworn to before me, Robert B. Moody, Vice Consul of United States of America in and for the Consular District of Nanking, China, duly commissioned and qualified, this 27th day of June, 1946.

/s/ Robert B. Moody  
Robert B. Moody  
Vice Consul of the United States of  
America

Seal.